A Fatal Fall.

The report which reached Honesdale on Thursday last, after THE CITIZEN had gone to press, that Robert W. Patterson, of Madison Avenue, Scranton, had been clubbed to death by unknown parties was entirely untrue as to the assault, his death resulting from a fall. His injury was caused by his toppling backward down a flight of stairs into the cellar of the office of the Hower & Stender Lumber Co., where he was employed as a toreman.

He went to the office early on the previous Thursday morning after having been in attendance at a lodge meeting, and was passing up the back steps when he lost his footbold and fell backward to the cellar floor. The floor is concrete and his skull was fractured when he struck it. He regained consciousness, however, and walked to his home, if short distance away. After complaining to his wife of severe pains in his head, he lay down on a couch, and it was thought that he would soon be all right as a scalp wound appeared to be the worst of his injuries. It was soon discovered, however, that his condition was serious, and Dr. Rea being summoned, he was taken to a private hospital, where, on Tuesday, an operation was performed. A clot of blood was removed from the base of his brain, but the treatment was of no avail, and he died as stated.

Mr. Patterson was 43 years of age, and was born in Berwick. He is survived by a widow and two children. His wife, whom he married about ten years ago, was formerly Miss Minnie Smith, daughter of James Smith of East Honesdale. The children are boys of 8 and 4 years respectively. The funeral was held from the family residence in Scranton on Friday afternoon, the remains being brought to Honesdale for interment in the German Lutheran cemetery. The services were conducted by Rev. W. F. Peffley, pastor of Zion Evangelical church, Scranton, Among the floral tributes was a wreath from Green Ridge - ledge of Odd Fellows, of which deceased was a past grand. The pall-bearers were members of that lodge—Past them, Grands Okell, Connelly and Shearns, and Albert Trego, with Rev. Clinton B. Henry as chaplain. The remains were received here by a delegation of Freedom lodge, marshalled by Past Grand Penwarden. A number of Odd Fellows from Green Ridge accompanied the body to Honesdale. It is expected that the bereaved family will return to this

W. C. T. U.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 17th, proved an firm grip on the nation's vitals. Instruction was introduced in the schools builting, prisoner flogging bureaucrat. of the United States and many foreign countries; Mrs. Anna Keen and Miss President's address on the subject ; Mrs. started on its course another deep wa-Gertrude Hiller told of the Prize Essay terway project of national importance. work, and said that the Wayne County This canal connects the waters of W. C. T. U., offers a prize of \$5 for the hest essay written on the subject, "The North Carolina and is practically a will sit on the thrones of power, Value of Total Abstinence to a Life," A solo entitled "The Children" was Florida to New England. When comsang by Miss Mary Jones. The next pleted this route will enable vessels topic meeting will be held at the M. E. of commerce to avoid 'the stormy parsonage. Miss Mary Jones will have passes of our eastern coast and will be charge of it. The subject will be "The serviceable to the navy in time of Relation of Temperance to Unions."

Bethany.

Nov. 20d .- 1. J. Many is having his

house shingled.

Word came during the week of the arrival of a daughter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starnes, in Car-

Miss Blanche Starmes went over to Carbondale, Wednesday, The many friends of Miss Helen Man-

ercises took place Saturday evening,

Mr. and Mrs. James Johns spent Friday with their son. Howard and family, at Forest City.

Wilbur Cody, the oldest son of Rev. and Mrs. E.J. B. Cody, came Wednesday

and Mrs.g., B. Cody, came Wednesday to spend the holidays.

We are sorry to bear of the accidents happening in Amos Rutledge's family, of Galilee. Mr. Rutledge, son-in-law of E. E. Lavo of this place, had his hand hijured, Mrs. Rutledge fell and broke a rib and their oldest son. Kenneth, has

rib and their oldest son, Kenneth, has broken his arm. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Paynter and daughter, Isabelle, Robert Miller and daughter, Mildred, of Carbondale, are expected for Thanksgiving at the home

of Mrs. Henry N. Miller. Mrs. Hattie Robinson and Miss Mattie Strongman are nicely settled in their

The plumbers have been at work at J. J. Houser's home last week putting in the modern improvements.

Union Thanksgiving service in the Presbyterian church, Thursday evening. ey, W. B. Signor will give the address, Edward Fowler, of Honesdale, was the guest of Emerson Gammell over

Infants', Children's and Misses' win- Cloudy, followed by rain; light east ter Cloaks at MENNER & Co.'s. New in styles, best in goods. 22citi styles, best in goods.

The Public Trust.

The national campaign of 1908 has been fruitful in examples, proving again that honesty is the best policy in politics too. The doctrine that "to the victor belongs the spoils" goes without challenge, but the spolls meant are not the abuse of office for private gain, merely the party right to the appointive offices. The idea that an office is an opportunity for "graft," either directly or indirectly, at public expense is welcomed among the pothouse politicians of the slums, but the man of ability and ambition yields to it to his eventual regret.

No man who enters politics knows what the future has in store. He may never expect to be a candidate and have his record dragged into the limelight. Many an aspirant is available for most of the important reasons, but fatally unavailable because his record won't stand the fire of the campaign. A clean record in office is the very best capital. It is certain to lead to the call, "Come higher up." But the bad record, like the "bad penny," is equally certain to turn up at the

Airships and Rough Weather.

If man is to imitate the bird successfully, he will need to take account of the freaks of weather up in the air. Count Zeppelin's record making dirigible came to grief through a storm. He soon brought out another with higher motor power, hoping for better luck. He deserves it as a reward of persist-

It is the persistence of men like Zeppelin and the Wrights that augurs most for aerial navigation. They can profit by their failures. Storms will be the worst foe to airships. Birds do not fly against storms. They often fly below or above them and even alight to escape the wind's fury. The petrel flies near the water and hugs the surface closest when a storm is threatening. The machine which is "self adjustable to conditions of the air" will need to beat the bird at weathering storms or, like most all birds, dodge

Russia's New Crisis.

It is believed that the Russian administration summoned Count Sergius Witte from retirement for the fifth time in order to have him solve the new problems raised by the Balkan troubles. Witte has been called by an authority on Russian affairs "one of the creators of his country." He has nothing much to boast of as yet, but that may be because he is hated at The W. C. T. U. meeting which was the sent of government and is disheld at the home of Mrs. H. C. Hand, pensed with the moment he gets a

intensely interesting one, the subject . Witte built the Siberian railroad, for the evening being, "Scientific Tem- which saved Russia in the late war. perance Instruction in the Public He foresaw that war and prepared Schools." A very pleasing part of the for it, likewise the revolution contemprogram was that taken by the high porary with it. As the calling of school pupils. Those taking part were Witte to power has usually signified Sarah Menner and Roy Leinbech, who trouble in the air for the ezar's govread essays on "The Value of Total Ab- ernment, the latest move may mean stinence to a Life," May Peterson and that the new Turkish question or com-Leon Hagerman, who gave recitations, plication arising in the far east is and women possessed of wealth if he had been at fault. But the facts and Gertrude Krantz who sang a solo, crucial and a master hand must take and social position. If the writer Miss Katherine Schlund read an article hold. Such problems are certainly bewhich showed how Scientific Temperance youd the talents of the ordinary Jew

The letting of the contract in Octo-Libbie Mills read extracts from the State ber for deepening Dismal Swamp canal Chesapeake bay with the sounds of link in the great inland shipway from

JUSTIFIES HIS EXPOSE.

Harden Says Zu Eulenberg's Expulsion Did Good.

Berlin, Nov. 23.-Maximillen Harden,

editor of Die Zukunft, whose allegations resulted in the unearthing of the "round table" scandals in the summer of 1907, has published a political ning will be pleased to hear of her grad-nation as a trained nurse at the Women's Medical College in New York. The ex-from court of Prince Philip zu Eulenfrom court of Prince Philip zu Eulenberg.

> Continuing, he says that the late Baron Speck von Sternberg, who was German ambassador at Washington. wrote him a letter in which he declared that some of the leading men in the United States had expressed to him their approval of and sympathy with the work done by Harden.

SERVIANS INVADE BOSNIA.

Attacked by Austrian Troops and Repulsed With Seventeen Killed.

Paris, Nov. 23 .- A band of Servians while crossing the Bosnian frontier near Zvornik was repulsed by Austrian troops.

The Servians lost seventeen men killed and the Austrians three killed.

Record Number of Immigrants.

New York, Nov. 23. - The steamer Amerika arrived with the largest number of steerage-passengers brought on any one steamer the past year. There ing. were 1,322 on the steerage lists.

The Younger Set

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By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Younger Set"

Telling stories is an amazing knack with Robert W. Chambers .- New York Sun.

"The Younger Set," characterized by readers and critics as better than the author's greatest previous success "The Fighting Chance," has been secured for our columns. Illustrations by Ryder, Parker and Henderson.

Not a page that is dull nor a paragraph that anyone can afford to skip.-St. Paul Pioneer Press.

and a real Man - one of the most and that's why I telephoned your gimcharming love stories of recent let eyed friend Neergard just now to years - are the author's views of let you come around here for half an some of the problems of Society. seems harsh in his characterizahopeful in his views of the incoming generation. In the 'younger set," according to him, lies certain hope of regeneration of the wealthy and fashionable world. As he sees those who their hands are clean, their hearts are pure, their ideas and aspirations are worthy. When they shall take their mature places in Society's ranks, it will acquire a new tone and a better and worthier view of life and its problems and responsibilities than now prevail.

E Chapter 1



OU never met Selwyn, did you?" "No, sir."

"Never heard anything definite about his trouble?" insisted Gerard.

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied young Erroll. Tve heard a good deal about it. Everybody has, you know." 'Well, I don't know," retorted Austin

Gerard irritably, "what 'everybody' has heard, but I suppose it's the usual garbled version made up of distorted fact and malicious gossip. That's why I sent for you. Sit down."

Gerald Erroll seated himself on the edge of the blg, polished table in Austin's private office, one leg swinging. an unlighted eigarette between his lips. Austin Gerard, his late guardian, big. florid, with that peculiar blue eye which seems to characterize hasty temper, stood by the window, tossing up and catching the glittering gold piecesouvenir of the directors' meeting which he had just left.

"What has happened," he said, "is this. Captain Selwyn is back in town -sent up his card to me, but they told him I was attending a directors' meet-When the meeting was over I found his card and a message scribbled, saying he'd recently landed and was going uptown to call en Nina. She'll keep him there, of course, until I get home, so I shall see him this

Interwoven with this fine, grip- evening. Now, betore you ... ping story of a splendid girl I want you to plainly understand the

"In the first place, Captain Selwyn is Divorce, gambling, marital un- my brother-in-law-which wouldn't happiness, are here treated as make an atom of difference to me in they enter into the lives of men my judgment of what has happened of the case are these." He held up an Impressive forefinger and laid it flat across the large, ruddy palm of the tion of the older members of the other hand. "First of all, he married a 'smart set," he is tender and cat! C-a-t, cat. Is that clear, Gerald?" "Yes, sir."

"Good! What sort of a dance she led him out there in Manila I've

Gerald Erroll scated himself on the edge of the big, polished table.

heard. Never mind that now. What I want to know is how he behavedwith what quiet dignity, steady patience and sweet temper under constant provocation and mortification he conducted himself. Then that fellow Ruthven turned up-and-Selwyn is above that sort of suspicion. Besides, his scouts took the field within a week."

He dropped a heavy, highly colored fist on his desk with a bang.

"After that hike Selwyn came back to find that Alixe had sailed with Jack Ruthven. And what did he do-take egal measures to free himself, as you or I or anybody with an ounce of temper in 'em would have done? No, he lidn't. That infernal Selwyn conscience began to get busy, making aim believe that if a woman kicks over the traces it must be because of some occult shortcoming on his part. in some way or other that man persuaded himself of his responsibility for her misbehavior. He knew what t meant if he didn't ask the law to ild him to get rid of her. He knew perfectly well that his silence meant icknowledgment of culpability, that te couldn't remain in the service unler such suspicion.

"And now, Gerald," continued Austin, striking his broad palm with ex- narrowed as he inspected this unfamiltended forefinger and leaning heavily far house.

forward, "I'll tell you what sort of a man Philip Selwyn is. He permitted Alixe to sue him for absolute divorce, and, to give her every chance to marry Ruthven, he refused to defend the suit. That sort of chivalry is very picturesque, no doubt, but it cost him his career-set him adrift at thirtyfive, a man branded as having been divorced from his wife for cause, with no profession left him, no business, not much money-a man in the prime of life and hope and ambition, clean in thought and deed, an upright, just, generous, sensitive man, whose whole career has been blasted because he was too merciful, too generous to throw the blame where it belonged. And it belongs on the shoulders of that Mrs. Jack Ruthven-Alixe Ruthven-whose name you may see in the columns of any paper that truckles to the sort of society she figures in. I meant you to understand that Selwyn is every inch a man, and when you have the honor to meet him keep that fact in the back



Nina Gerard

of your head among the few brains with which Providence has equipped

"Thanks," said Gerald, coloring up. He cast his eigarette into the empty fireplace, slid off the edge of the table and picked up his hat. Austin eyed him without particular approval.

"You buy too many clothes," he observed. "That's a new suit, isn't it?" "Certainly," said Gerald. "I needed

"Oh, if you can afford it, all right! How's the nimble Mr. Neergard?"

"Neergard is flourishing. We put through that Rose Valley deal. I tell you what, Austin, I wish you could see your way clear to finance one or two"-Austin's frown cut him short.

"Oh, all right! You know your own business, of course," said the boy, a little resentfully. "Only as Fane, Harmon & Co. have thought it worth

"I don't care what Fane-Harmon button over his desk. His stenogra- gentleman for the first time. pher entered. He nodded a curt dis-Gerald, adding as the reached the door:

"Your sister expects you to be on hand tonight, and so do we."

Gerald halted.

"I'd clean forgotten," he began, "I made another-a rather important engagement"-

But Austin was not listening-in fact, he had already begun to dictate to his demure stenographer, and Gerald stood his heel and went away down the resounding marble corridor.

"They never let me alone," he mut-"They're always at me-following me up as though I were a schoolboy. Austin's the worst-never satis-What do I care for all these functions-sitting around with the younger set and keeping the cradle of Ki makes a pretty good fox, only she

He entered the elevator and shot mothere's not at home, but we are." down to the great rotunds, still scowling over his grievance, for he had stay?" asked Selwyn.
made arrangements to join a card parWell," admitted Drina frankly, "of ty at Julius Neergard's rooms that jourse we can't tell yet how interestnight, and he had no intention of foregoing that pleasure just because his sister's first grownup dinner party was in a fierce whisper, turning on the fixed for the same date.

Meanwhile Captain Selwyn was staring at guests! Billy, you make-him sauntering along Fifth avenue under behave himself." the leafless trees, scanning the houses



Sauntering along Fifth avenue under the

thousand casements as polished and expressionless as the monocles of the

And, strolling at leisure in the pleasant winter weather, he came presently to a street stretching eastward in all the cold impressiveness of very new limestone and plate glass,

Could this be the street where his

sister now lived? As usual when perplexed, he slowly raised his hand to his mustache, and his pleasant gray eyes, still slightly bloodshot from the glare of the tropics,

The house was a big, elaborate timestone affair, evidently new. Winter sunshine sparkled on lace hung casement, on glass marquise and the burnished bronze foliations of grille and door. He mounted the doorstep, rang and leisurely examined four stiff box trees flanking the ornate portal, meager vegetation compared to what he had been accustomed to for so many years.

Nobody came. Once or twice he fancled he heard sounds proceeding from inside the house. He rang again and fumbled for his cardcase. Somebody was coming.

The moment that the door opened he was aware of a distant and curious uproar-faraway echoes of cheering and the faint barking of dogs. These seemed to cease as the man in waiting admitted him, but before he could make an inquiry or produce a card bediam itself apparently broke loose somewhere in the immediate upper landing-noise in its crudest elemental definition-through which the mortifled man at the door strove to make himself heard: "Beg pardon, sir; it's the children broke loose an' runnin' wild-like"-

"The what?" "Only the children, sir; fox huntin'

His voice was lost in the yelling dissonance descending crescendo from floor to floor. Then an avalanche of children and dogs poured down the hall stairs in pursuit of a rumpled and bored cat, tumbling with yelps and cheers and thuds among the thick rugs on the floor.

Here the cat turned and soundly cuffed a pair of fat beagle puppies, who shricked and fled, burrowing for safety into the yelling beap of children and dogs on the floor. Above this heap legs, arms and the tails of dogs waved wildly for a moment, then a small boy, blond hair in disorder,



Bealam usett apparentig broke loose.

staggered to his knees and, setting hollowed hand to cheek, shouted: "Hi, forrard! Harkaway, forrard! Take him, Rags! Now, Tatters! After him, Owney! Get on, there, Schnitzel! Worry him, Stinger! Tally-ho-o!"

At which encouraging invitation the two fat beagle pups, a waddling dachshund, a cocker and an Irish terrier flew at Selwyn's nicely creased trousers, and the small boy, rising to his think," growled Austin, touching a feet, became aware of that astonished

"Steady, there!" exclaimed Selwyn, his walking stick bayonet defense. "Steady, men! Prepare to receive infantry-and doggery, too!" he added, backing away. quarter! Remember the Alamo!"

The small boy with the blond hair stepped forward and dragged several dogs from the vicinity of Selwyn's

shins. "This is the Shallowbrook hunt," he explained. "I am master of hounds; a moment, hesitating, then turned on my sister Drina, there, is one of the whips. Part of the game is to all fall lown together and pretend we've come

"roppers. You see, don't you?"
"I see," nodded Selwyn. "It's a pretty stiff hunting country, isn't it?" "Yes, it is, There's wire, you know," colunteered the girl, Drina, rubbing the bruises on her plump shins. "Kitconversation rocking? I won't go to sn't enough afraid of us to run away that infernal baby show."

rery fast. Won't you sit down? Our

> "Would you really like to have me ing you are because we don't know you. We are trying to be polite"-and smaller of the boys-"Winthrop, take your finger out of your mouth and stop

The blond haired M. F. II. reached of the rich and great across the way, for his younger brother. The infant and these new houses of the rich and culprit avoided him and sullenly withgreat stared back at him out of a frew the sucked finger, but not his fas-

"I want to know who he ith," he lisped in a loud aside,

"So do L." admitted a tiny maid in stick-out skirts. "Well," said Selwyn, "as a matter of

fact and record, I am a sort of relative of yours, a species of ayuncular relation." "What is that?" asked Drina coldly. "That," said Selwyn, "means that I'm more or less of an uncle to you.

Hope you don't mind. You don't have

to entertain me, you know."
"An uncle?" repeated Drina. "Our uncle?" echoed Billy, "You are not our soldier uncle, are you? You are not our Uncle Philip, are you?" "It amounts to that," admitted Sel-

One by one the other children came forward to greet this promising new uncle whom the younger among them had never before seen and whom Drina, the oldest, had forgotten except as that fabled warrior of legendary exploits whose name and fame had become cherished classics of their nurs-

To bac myfnue t